ECLIPSE

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ECLIPSE

NO. 2 JULY 1981 $2.95

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Special color print by Michael Golden

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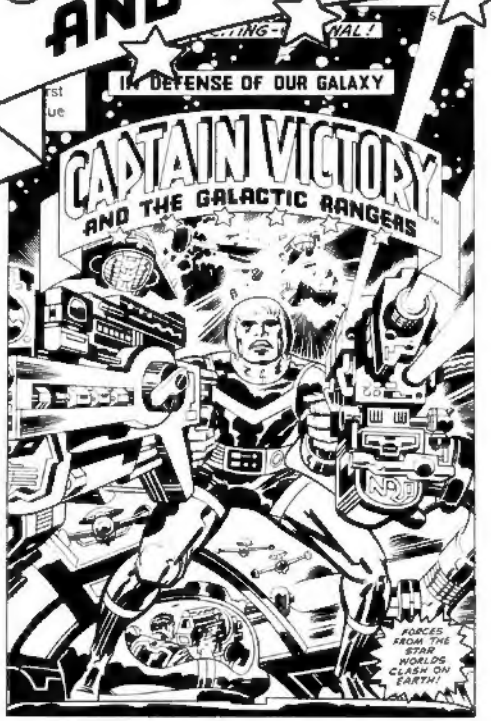

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EDITORIAL

As I write this, it's been only a few weeks since the release of **Eclipse** #1. That premiere issue has already sold out making it the best selling first issue of an alternative comics magazine ever published. We at Eclipse, and the writers and artists working with us, thank you for your support and belief.

But it's no time for me to sit down and smile at the sales figures. We're working on a bi-monthly schedule and aside from the immediate work of getting this issue together, there are plans to be made and stories and art to commission for **Eclipse** #3, #4...

Yet in addition to all the work involved, there's alot of enjoyment and satisfaction in putting this magazine together. I enjoy talking with a writer and hearing him get excited about a new story he'd like to work on ; or hearing an artist's satisfaction with how well her artwork reproduced , or reading your letters concerning the variety of material presented in **Eclipse**. While almost all the stories are commissioned by me, there's an excitement in opening up an unsolicited submission and finding a gem.

One of the most gratifying aspects of editing **Eclipse** is working closely with the writers and artists. The creators working with us have a vested interest not only in their individual contributions, but in the magazine in general. The key word in that sentence is that they are working "with" us, not "for" us. And, as the Eclipse line expands over the next six months, the writers and artists will be working with us to a still greater degree.

In response to your many letters requesting advance information on upcoming Eclipse projects, look for my editorial next issue, where I'll be announcing the latest innovations from Eclipse. We're really excited about getting these new projects underway and building, with our creative contributors, the expanded Eclipse line of comics magazines. Our first graphic book--**Sabre**--will be going into an unprecedented **third** edition with a new cover painting by Paul Gulacy. This third printing will be packaged in a more easily affordable format so that everyone can read the graphic book that started it all.

Next issue also begins our letters column and we look forward to more of your mail. Please address all your letters to: Eclipse Comments, Eclipse Enterprises, 81 Delaware Street, Staten Island, N.Y. 10304.

Dean Mullaney

Dean Mullaney, Editor

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Beyond Heaven and Hell—John Pound. These visionary paintings depict a world of spellbinding intensity where gods and demons inhabit a land of surreal splendor. Limited to 1,000 signed and numbered portfolios of six black-and-white duotone plates plus illustrated folder. $25.00.

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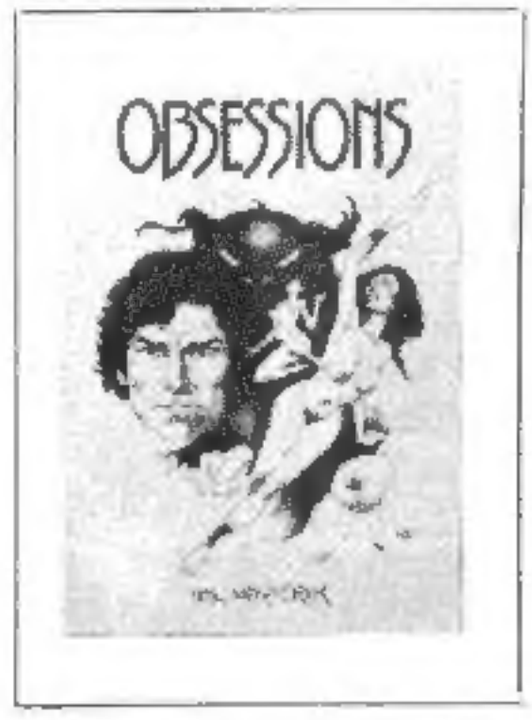

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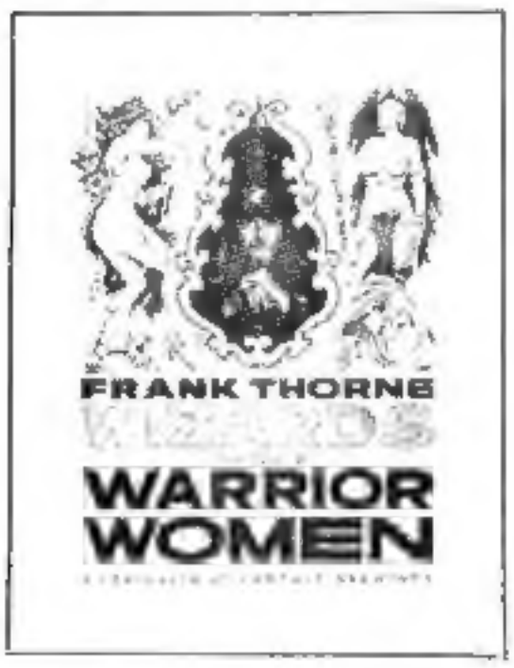

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Back when the West was young and innocent and Duck Creek was only a pitstop for roaming buffalo, word got 'round that there was "gold in them thar hills." Soon every eager beaver flocked here to be in on the action. And so Quack City was hatched, becoming, almost overnight, your basic bawdy boomtown with all the trimmings. Quack City was a legend in its own time. In fact, everyone was having such a terrific time that the Law was called in but only Sheriff Rick Rabbit was fool enough to show up. The rest, as they say, is history.

Before long all of the criminal element had left Quack City. Almost EVERYBODY had left Quack City. Whether this can be attributed to the persevering efforts of our hero, or to the fact that the gold gave out and the railroad pulled up tracks, no one can say...

HOWEVER, *OUR STORY OPENS INSIDE* MERRIWETHER'S ATELIER OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUES AND DELICATESSEN...

SO, YOU SAY, SOMEONE BROKE IN HERE LAST NIGHT AND STOLE TWO STATUETTES, A COPY OF THE Daily Scorpion, AND A MUMMIFIED SALAMI...

YUP!

AND JUST WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT IT? YOU KNOW I'VE HUNG UP MY GUNS. I'M NOT IN THE LAW BIZ ANY MORE.

GEE, THIS IS SOME WEIRD STUFF HERE...

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YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE IS DEFINATELY *NOT* A MIDDLE KINGDOM BASTET STATUETTE HERE. BUT LOOK, I'M A VERY BUSY BUNNY, BURT!

OF COURSE, THERE'S THE SMALL MATTER OF YOUR THIRTY-TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY LUNCHES THAT COME OUT TO FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX DOLLARS AND FORTY-FIVE CENTS PAYABLE...

oh YEAH.

HEY, NO NEED TO GET ALL WORKED UP ABOUT THAT MISSING STUFF, I MEAN, WHAT'RE FRIENDS FOR, RIGHT? YOU'VE BUT TO ASK! THEY'RE AS GOOD AS FOUND!...

ACK!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD PAL, BUNNY BUFANO. FANCY RUNNING INTO YOU HERE. WHAT BRINGS YOU INTO TOWN, BUNNY?

I WALKED. BUT LISTEN, THIS IS IMPORTANT. SOMETHIN' STRANGE IS GOIN' ON. I WAS IN MY STUDIO WHEN THEY SHOWED UP!

THIEVES! CAUGHT 'EM IN THE ACT BUT THEY UPPED AN' VANISHED! TRIED TO MOVE MY NEW STATUE, THEY DID.

HERE'S A PICTURE OF WHAT THEY TRIED TO TAKE... I'M ONLY TELLIN' YOU ALL THIS 'CAUSE WE'RE FRIENDS, AN' I HAVE BUT TO ASK, LIKE YOU SAID, RIGHT?

Er... YES... OF COURSE... LIKE I WAS SAYIN'...

YOU MEAN SOME-ONE TRIED TO STEAL *THIS?!*

WE'VE GOTTA GET TO THE RANCH QUICKLY! IT... **HEY** IT'S THIS WAY!

I CAN'T DO *NOTHIN'* WITHOUT MY HORSE! WELL, MAYBE A COUPLE'A THINGS... LIKE THE HOT DATE I HAD PLANNED FOR TONIGHT 'TILL I GOT SUCKERED INTO THIS FOOL THING.

THE QUEST BEGINS...

GEEYUP, HORSIE!

C'MON, PARD, WE'VE GOT A BIG'UN ON!

USE THE CAR.

AW, I *HATE* THAT THING-- ALWAYS BREAKING DOWN. I DON'T TRUST THOSE NEW-FANGLED CONTRAPTIONS. BESIDES, BY THE LOOKS OF THAT HAND, I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME.

I'LL GO!

PETER! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN THIS DEN OF THIEVES? DON'T YOU KNOW ALL SORTS OF LOWLIFES HANG OUT HERE?

WHAT'RE YOU TEACHIN' MY IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG NEPHEW?

WE WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YA.

DON'T DRAW ON AN INSIDE STRAIGHT.

WELL, YOU CAN'T GO WITH ME. THIS IS A MAN'S WORK-- CROOKS, GUNS, SHOOTING, ALL THAT MACHO STUFF.

OK, I'LL STAY...

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! I DIDN'T LEARN ABOUT ALL THIS TILL I WAS HALF YOUR AGE... AND I WANT YOU TO STAY IN THE CAR WHEN WE GET TO BUNNY'S PLACE.

OH, BOY! C'N I RIDE SHOTGUN?

WE PLAY THAT HAND OVER! INTERFERENCE, I TELL YA!

NO WAY. YOU LOST FAIR AND SQUARE. TAKE IT OFF.

MERE MOMENTS LATER

WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW SOMEONE COULD'VE MOVED MY STATUE. I MADE IT BIG SO THAT NO ONE COULD MOVE IT.

LET'S HOPE NOTHING'S BEEN TAKEN WHILE YOU WERE AWAY...

AND A LOT MORE MOMENTS LATER...

WHEW... IT'S BIG ALRIGHT. SO THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN KEEPING YOU BUSY ALL THESE MONTHS. WHAT DO YOU CALL IT ?

Eternal Triangle. YOU SEE WHERE THEY TRIED TO MOVE MY STATUE...

HEY, UNCLE, I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

WHEW! IT SURE IS HOT IN HERE, UNCLE RICK. I HOPE SOMETHING HAPPENS SOON. THIS IS EXCITING. I NEED A GLASS OF WATER.

I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD BE TOUGH WORK. NOW HUSH UP, WE DON'T WANT TO GIVE OURSELVES AWAY.

TIME PASSES...

WE'VE BEEN IN HERE FOREVER! I DON'T KNOW WHY I LET MYSELF GET TALKED INTO THESE THINGS... WHAT'LL WE DO IF THEY DON'T COME BACK TO STEAL THIS THING... GOTTA STOP THINKING... MAKIN' ME THIRSTY...

TIME STILL PASSES...

WATER... GASP!

I'M... DYIN'...

CAN'T... CAN'T

TAKE IT... MUST...

MUST...

GET...

OUT...

PLOINK

MY GOD! RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER MY NOSE! LI'L BILLY BUNNY'S BEEN KIDNAPPED, AND TWO TONS OF GRANITE, TOO...

HIS MAMA'S GONNA KILL ME FOR THIS ONE! OH MY... OH DEAR...

BUNNY BUFANO! WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHY'RE YOU TIED UP? WHAT'S GOING ON? THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF THE **KANSAS CITY KITTY** CLAN...

mffth!

mmp...

THEY'RE IN ***THERE,*** HUH? RIGHT, I'LL SHOW 'EM THEY CAN'T MESS WITH ***US*** AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

DO NOT OPEN

STOP IN THE NAME OF...

OUCH!

IT'S A WISE BUNNY THAT KNOWS WHEN TO HOP...

PERHAPS A MORE DIRECT APPROACH IS IN ORDER...

MAYBE I'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK IF I PICK ON ONE AT A TIME...

AHA!

GOTCHA, IT'S USELESS TO RESIST! GIVE UP NOW FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

LET'S SEE WHO YOU ARE UNDER THAT...

OUCH!

MASK?

oOOOH! AREN'T YOU THE CUTE ONE!

SMASK

THE BUNNY IS RENDERED DEFENSELESS.

AND THEN SOME IDIOT TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS...

GOTCHA. MY LI L. HONEY?

HE LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN, NO DOUBT THE WORK OF K C KITTY ISN T THAT RIGHT, MY DEAR ?

I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T NOTICE..

BUT, ISN'T HE CUTE? CAN I KEEP HIM? HUH? CAN I?

I DON'T EAT MUCH.

WON'T YOU EVER BE SERIOUS, PRINCESS? THIS IS NO TIME FOR GAMES.

YOU'RE LATE, AND WE'RE READY FOR TAKEOFF. WHERE'S OUR NAVIGATOR? HE WAS WITH **YOU.**

OH, HE'S IN THE REC ROOM TEACHING FOURTH DIMENSIONAL QUANTUM MECHANICS TO THE OTHER LI'L BUNNY.

THE **OTHER?** WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL OR WE'LL BE SWAMPED WITH THEM!

SO LI'L FRODERICK IS HERE! Er... JUST WHERE **IS** THIS "HERE", ANYWAY?

WHY, YOU'RE IN OUR SPACESHIP. ONCE EVERY CENTURY, WE RETURN TO OUR HOME PLANET FOR A BIG FAMILY REUNION. THAT'S A HOLOGRAM OF OUR HOMEWORLD OVER THERE. I CAN'T WAIT TO GO

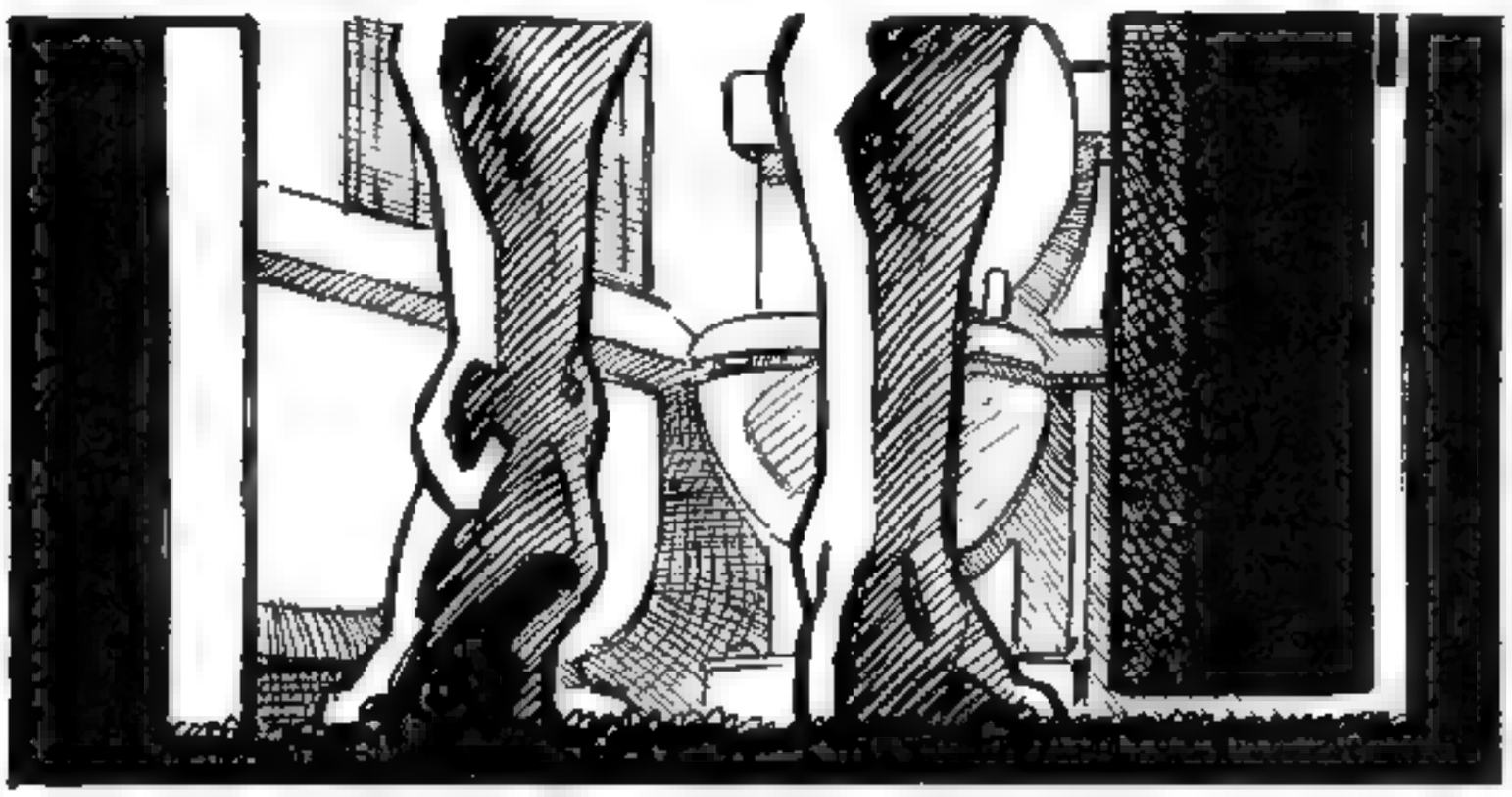
POOR EX-RANGER RABBIT IS A MITE CONFUSED BY ALL THIS, BUT WITH HIS LITTLE HEART GOING BUMPETY-BUMP FOR THE PRETTY KITTY HE ISN'T PAYING MUCH ATTENTION ANYWAY..

COLONEL CHESHIRE! IF EVERYBODY IS THROUGH PLAYING, WE HAVE SERIOUS WORK AHEAD OF US! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO DISCIPLINE AROUND HERE..

SILLY BOY! I AM INSTANTANEOUSLY AWARE ON THE SEVEN PLANES OF EXISTANCE! WE'VE GOT EXACTLY TWENTY SEVEN MINUTES, THIRTY TILL HYPERSPACE ROLLOFF.

HIYA UNCLE RICK. LOOKIT ALL THIS NEAT STUFF!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, COLONEL CHESHIRE!
THE COLONEL IS OUR TELEPORTATION EXPERT A LITTLE OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC ACTUALLY
EVERY-ONE SHOULD LOVE THEIR JOB
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STOLE THE STATUE AND LI'L BUNNY!
...QUITE AMATEURISH. I WASN'T PLANNING TO KEEP THEM, OLD CHAP, JUST BORROW THEM LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE COPIES IN OUR MATTER RECREATOR. THEY'RE WAITING HERE IN STASIS.
YES. HE WAS HIDDEN QUITE CLEVERLY. BUT YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW...
ENOUGH! OUT WITH ALL THE RABBITS!
KILLJOY.
CAPTAIN! ALL ABOARD AND READY TO JUMP, SIR.
OH WELL, MAYBE NEXT TIME.
YOU JUST REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU AND IN **NO** TIME YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH THE INVERSION OF SPINORS INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION WITH AN INTER-INDEPENDENCE OF TIME! *
REALLY?!
*$(\hbar^2/2m)\Delta\varphi + E\psi = 0$.
BY THE WAY, THE TITLE OF THIS STORY IS **KLEPTOS** *from* **OUTER SPACE.** *IT'S WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY* **STEVE LEIALOHA** *AND LETTERED BY* **TOM ORZECHOWSKI** *(WHO SHOULD GET A SHORTER NAME.)*
A SHORT TIME LATER, WATCHING FROM THE SIDELINES...
...THEY WERE JUST TAKING SOUVENIRS OF EARTH AND PUTTING THEM IN THEIR SPACESHIP.
YEAH, AND THEY LEFT US WITH ALL THIS STUFF MILES FROM NOWHERE!
AND THEY'RE OFF!
PING!
BYE!
BOY, UNCLE RICK, THAT WAS FUN! ARE **ALL** YOUR CASES LIKE THAT? I CAN'T **WAIT** FOR THE **NEXT** ONE!
I CAN. I WONDER IF I'LL EVER SEE KANSAS CITY KITTY AGAIN...
I WONDER IF BUNNY BUFANO IS STILL TIED UP...?!
REMEMBER: *IF WE WEREN'T MAD WE WOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE*



Saturday.
3 a.m.
Awake.
Nothing in the room looks familiar.
But you recognize the room.
It's your bedroom.
In your apartment.
Why are you so nervous?
Why are you sweating?
Scared?
It's not right.
Something is wrong.

You have to go to the bathroom.
"I'm thirty years old, I'm not afraid of the dark."
You aren't?

You slip out of bed.
Slowly.
Carefully
You don't want to disturb her.
Walk down the hall to the bathroom,
flip on the light.
"Was it always this bright?"

You sit.
(it's easier that way)
Pick up a magazine from the pile on the floor.
Flip quickly through the pages.
Concentrate.
You can't

You lay down the magazine, stare at the wall in front of you.
Stare at the tub.
What was that Kovacs gag about the bathtub?
The girl in the bikini, the frogman, the shark...
That was great.
He was great.
Ernie Kovacs.

HE ALWAYS WANTED TO WRITE FOR ERNIE KOVACS...

Illustration by Ken Steacy © 1981 **Story by Joe Owens and Martin W. Herzog** © 1981

You know you can't go back to sleep.
T.V.?
3 a.m.?
Video Tape!

You select a couple of your favorites.
insert
And push the play button.

Thirty years old and you watch Groucho and his brothers on video tape...
"I could dance with you till the cows come home..."

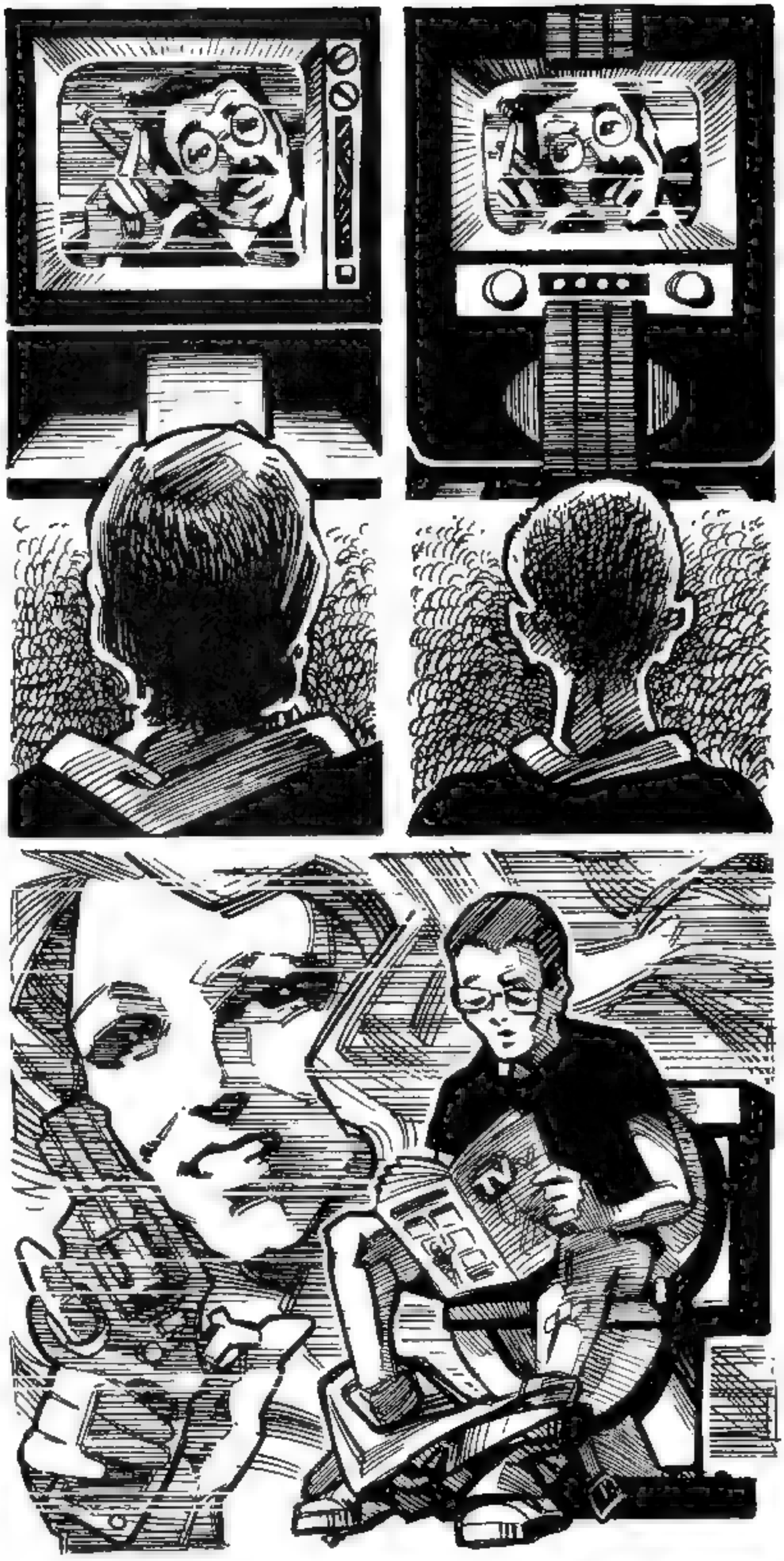
Six years old and you watch Rufus T. Firefly on the T.V....
"On second thought, I'd rather dance with the cows till you came home."

Thursday night.
9 p.m.
You're ten years old.
Your parents let you stay up for the Ernie Kovacs Show.
You're laughing hysterically as...
A man sits in his bath and watches a skindiver, plumber, and numerous others climb out of his tub.

T.V.
You entered puberty with Annette Funicello, Diana Rigg, and Sky's niece Penny.

T.V.
You scoured T.V. Guide Looking for the Late Night Movies, that would allow you to be alone with your erotic fantasies of T.V. heroines.
Tina Louise gave you your first orgasm.

T.V.
It was a drug.
Your first means of escape.
Your first 'habit'.
Your first Addiction.



The Six o'clock News.
Walter Cronkite.
"There were heavy casualties
today as U.S. troops..."
You watch as a Medic
(he looks amazingly
like you)
leans over a body
(the camera zooms in
for CU)
(It looks amazingly like you)
You puke
Dinner.

"Hey,
wake up!"
Its not the first time you've
been awakened in front of the
T.V.

"Okay,
Okay."
Slowly adjust to the light in
the room.
"I'm coming."

"Really!?"
"I didn't even know you were
excited."

Startled,
You stand up quickly.
Maybe too quickly.
nausea
That always happens.
Slowly sit down,
Close and open your eyes.

"Who the..."
You look around the room
illuminated by the glow of the
T.V.
Alone.

"Over here.
...In the T.V."
Ernie Kovacs

"Ernie... Ernie Kovacs?"

"No, it's Percy Dovetonsils.
Thank you for letting me come into your livingroom...
But it's a shame you couldn't have cleaned it up a little.
Now come on, we've got work to do. Thursday's show is only half written and...
Hey, are you okay?"

NO.

"It's always a surprise at first.
But its not by any means unpleasant.
You'll get used to it.
We know you can help us.
We've been watching you for quite awhile."

"We?"

"J. Walter Puppybreath, Chuck Rustic, Wolfgang Von Sauerbraten, and all the others. They are all waiting for you. Come on, I'll introduce you around. We gotta go."

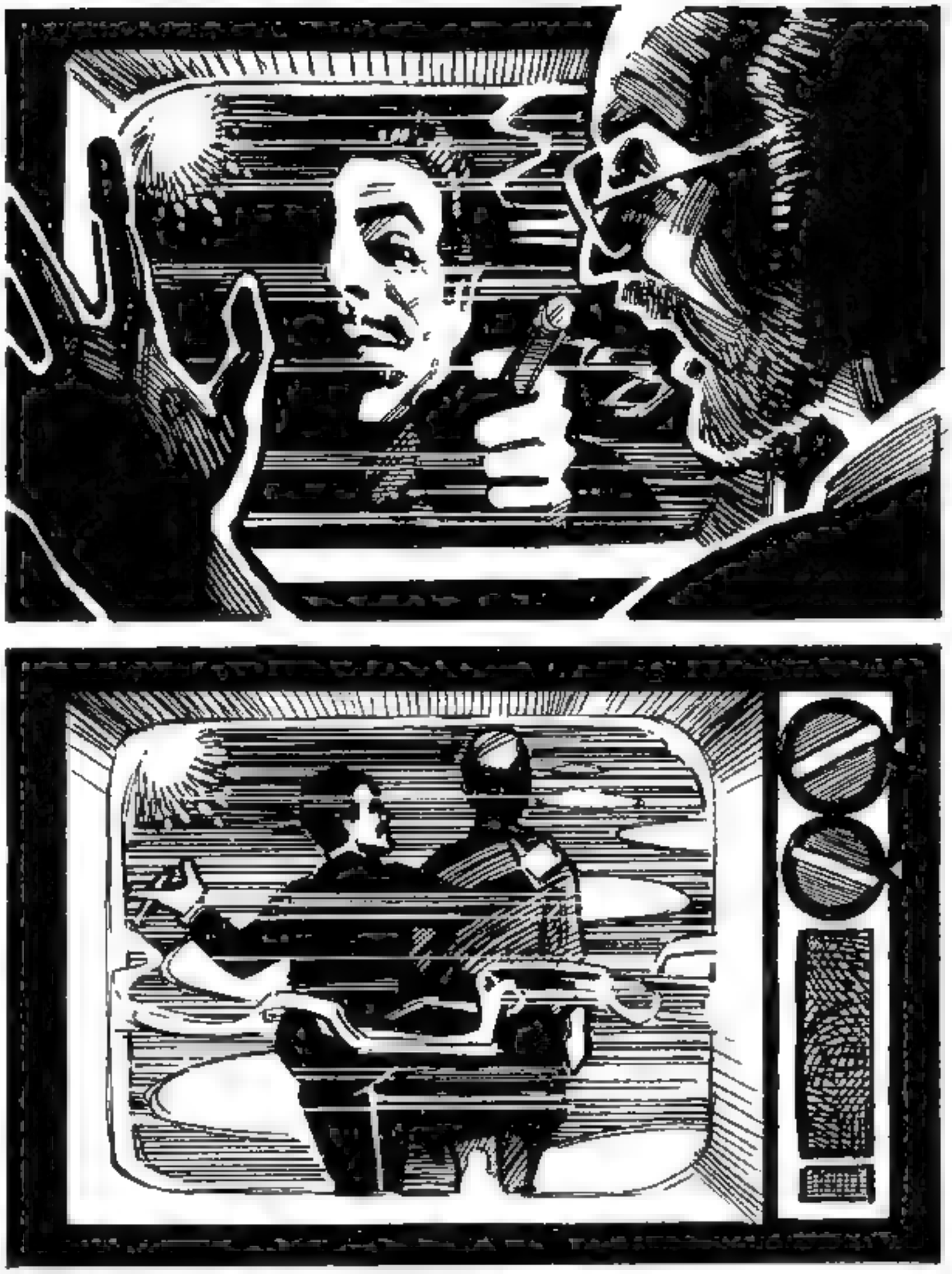
"Go?
Go where."

The T.V.
It wasn't right.
It looked different.
Older.
Larger.

But you feel good.
Ernie Kovacs wants you to write for him.
Ernie Kovacs!
The Ernie Kovacs Show.
Uncle Buddy, Strangely-Believe its, Pierre Ragout, and Oddities in the News.

"Well,
I've got an idea for a sketch.
See, there's this bathtub and...

The doctor pulls the blanket over your head.
"I'm sorry, there was nothing I could do.
It was his heart."



You have tears in your eyes.
You've never been this happy.
Kovacs has his hand on your shoulder.

"Great show.
That bit about the tub was hilarious.
All those people.
Nothing in moderation!
Great."

As they carry your body out,
Your wife goes over to the VTR
Watches a little bit of the taped show...

A surfer, sailor, fisherman, and others climb out of a man's bathtub, as he sits staring wide-eyed.
And she hits the 'stop' button.

"(Eclipse) is a welcome addition to the new frontiers of comics.

The importance of a new magazine produced with such quality and editorial intelligence is enormous.

As one can see by the calibre of the contributors, there is a ... need for competent, thoughtful and imaginative publishers who can bring the new work of a growing body of great talent into a burgeoning comic book field."

–WILL EISNER

ECLIPSE

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THE DESERT AT NIGHT.

--DRY AS A *WHISPER*, AND *ANCIENT* AS THE *SANDS OF TIME!*

THE *DESERTED LAND*...

ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

A STEVE ENGLEHART - MARSHALL ROGERS PRODUCTION

THE *MOON* IS *HUGE* AND *BRIGHT* ABOVE ITS ENDLESS LEVEL PLANE--

--THE AIR *CRISP* AND *WEIGHTLESS* ON *BARE SKIN!*

HERE IT IS!

CALLIGRAPHY: PIERRE BERNARD JR.

JUST WHERE MISS WEST SAID!

THE ONLY *SOUND* HERE IS THE *HUSH OF SPACE*, AND THE SOMETIMES *DISTANT*, SOMETIMES *NEAR* SOFT HOWL OF A--

THANKS TO JOE BRO TONY the D KEEN DEAN

Coyote
WHAT THE FUCK!?
WHAT'S...

GODDAM, MAN!

KRAK

PLANG

GET HOLDA YOURSELF!

AIM THAT SUCKER!

KRAK

BUT HE'S--

KRAK

--NOT HUMAN!

SOME KINDA CREATURE! TRIED TO RIP MY THROAT OUT!

IF RICE HADN'T DISTRACTED HIM--!

THANKS, RICE!

AUUEEEEEEEEEE

SILENT HAS BEEN HIS ATTACK!

SILENT HIS KILL!

LIKE AN ANIMAL...

BUT IT'S A MAN WHO BESTRIDES THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON!

WWWWWWWWW

STRUMM

THE RACE HOLDS THE KNIFE-STRAIGHT BLACKTOP--

--AT FIRST--

--BUT THAT SOON CHANGES!

VRRR

--BECAUSE I'M *HOME!*

FOR MILES THERE IS *NOTHING!*

THEN THERE IS--*LAS VEGAS!*

DOWN FROM THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS--

--INTO THE *ARID* VALLEY THAT THE *SPANISH*, SMILING *GRIMLY*, CALLED "THE MEADOWS"--

--INTO THE *STRIP*--

AND THEN, AT LAST

NO ENTRANCE EMERGENCY EXIT

THERE WAS A *GUY* OUT THERE-- KILLED *RICE*, TRIED TO KILL *ME!*

PUT EVERYBODY ON YELLOW ALERT!

GIVE ME EVERYTHING, CLINE!

HE JUMPED ME FROM BEHIND--I DIDN'T GET MUCH OF A LOOK!

ONE SECOND HE HAD HIS TEETH AT MY THROAT, THE NEXT RICE SCARED HIM OFF WITH A SHOT! HE WENT FOR RICE--

--I PICKED UP THE PACKAGE AND JUMPED ON MY BIKE--

COLONEL--!

THERE'S A TRACER ON THE REAR FOOT-REST!

SIR! I DIDN'T KNOW--

NOT YOUR FAULT, CLINE! DON'T WORRY!

WE ARE NOW ON ORANGE ALERT!

YELLOW TO ORANGE? THIS IS SERIOUS, GEORGE!

YEP

REPEAT: ORANGE ALERT!

ALL OUTER PERIMETER GUARDS! THE BOGIE IS DESCRIBED--

--AS A NEAR-NAKED CAUCASIAN OR--

--AMERIND MALE-- WEARING WAR PAINT AND SOME KIND OF PELT VEST, WE THINK! BUT HE'LL PROBABLY DON A DISGUISE IN TOWN!

ACKNOWLEDGE POST ONE!

POST ONE, ACKNOWLEDGED!

ACKNOWLEDGE, POST TWO!

GEORGE?

ACKNOWLEDGE, POST TWO!

ALL GUARDS!

THIS IS NOW RED ALERT!

REPEAT RE--

GOSH, SARGE! WON'T THE SIX OF US IN SUCH AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY ALLEY, DRAW TOO MUCH ATTENTION?

THIS PLACE HAS ALREADY DRAWN ATTENTION, JERRY!

AT RED ALERT, THE ENEMY IS ALREADY ON TOP OF US!

WE'VE NEVER HAD TO DEAL WITH A RED--

JERRY!

GAAK

SON OF A BITCH!

THERE'S A DART IN HIS NECK-- A CACTUS SPINE!

ALL OF YOU: FORM A TIGHT CIRCLE, GUNS OUT AND SHOOT TO KILL!

GET YOUR KERCHIEFS OVER YOUR FACES!

DON'T LET ANYTHING DISTRACT YOU! IF HE GETS ANOTHER OF US SOMEHOW, LET THE MAN FALL AND CLOSE THE RANK!

HE'LL HAVE TO GET PAST ALL OF US TO REACH THE DOOR--

--AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE WELL PAID TO PREVENT!

HA! THEY FIGHT FOR "MONEY," SO THEY WILL STAND THERE ALL NIGHT!

BUT BE NOT CYNICAL, COYOTE! "MONEY" IS A GOD AS MIGHTY AS YOUR OWN!

THIS TRAIN--

--THIS "MONO-RAIL SUB-WAY"--

-- T IS THE MEANS BY WHICH THE OTHERS I SMELL HAVE FLED!

I HAVE BUT TO FOLLOW--

--BUT THAT IS NOT SLY-- NOT AGAINST THE MIND WHICH CONCEIVED THESE ONION-SKIN LAYERS OF DEFENSE!

I MUST FOLLOW MY PREY, YES -

--BUT ATOP THE MACHINE ONCE MORE!

RRRRR! THIS HURTS MY CLAWS! THESE "MACHINES" TRAVEL TOO FAST TO BE NATURAL!

IF I WERE NOT COYOTE--

HA! UP AHEAD!

THE "TRACK" DIVIDES, AND IT IS THE CURVING "RAIL" WHICH CONTINUES THE SHEEN OF CONSTANT USE!

HOW CAN HE SEE THAT IN THE DARK?

HOW CAN HE LEAP FROM A MOVING TRAIN AT 100 MILES PER HOUR, AND LAND WITH SUPPLE GRACE?

RRRRR! THE TRAIN FILLS WITH GAS--

--TO KILL THOSE LIKE MYSELF WHO UNKNOWINGLY FAIL TO PUSH THE BUTTONS IN SOME PRE-DETERMINED SEQUENCE!

AND STILL, I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT ENDS IT!

WERE "POLICEMEN" TO ATTACK--

--REINFORCEMENTS WOULD INVESTIGATE IF THE FIRST GROUP DIED!

THIS BURROW WOULD BE FOUND...

.. YES! I FEEL IT NOW--

--IN THE PRICKLING OF MY SKIN!

RADAR!

HOW WELL EACH DESERT DWELLER KNOWS ITS ICY CARESS!

OKAY, WARD! NOW WE'RE GONNA *FINISH* THIS ANIMAL-MAN *ONCE AND FOR ALL!*

HE'S R GHT AROUND THE *CORNER--*

WHAT IS *"LOUD"* FOR YOU INSIDER ? ARE YOUR WORDS NOT *THUNDER* IN YOUR EARS, AS IN *MINE?*

AND DO YOU NOT *SMELL* YOURSELVES WITH YOUR *"DEODORANTS?"*

BUT *BE HUMBLE,* COYOTE! THERE *CAN BE* NO OTHER LIKE *YOURSELF!*

NO OTHER WHO--

--CAN DO *THIS!*

"THIS IS A *VERY SIMPLE THING--* WHEN YOU KNOW HOW IT'S *DONE!*

IT'S A *TWISTING,*

A *TURNING SIDEWAYS--*

A *DANCE STEP* TO THE *MUSIC OF THE SPHERES!*

AND COYOTE HAS *ONLY RECENTLY* LEARNED THAT *SCIENCE CAN EXPLAIN* IT!

SCIENCE SAYS ' THERE ARE *TWO SIDES* TO THE BRAIN / ONE HANDLES *LOGIC* AND ONE HANDLES *EMOTION!*'

"ONE HANDLES *SURVIVAL* AND ONE HANDLES *ART!*"

"ONE IS *STRAIGHT* AND ONE *SPACED!*"

"AND THEN *SCIENCE* SAYS "IT IS *ALSO* TRUE THAT THERE IS *REALITY* AND *UNREALITY!*"

"BY THE WAY, *UNREALITY DOESN'T EXIST!*"

SO COYOTE JUST *DANCES SIDEWAYS, OUT-TO IN-!*

:CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE:

WHAT'S the LITTLE BLOND-HAIRED GUY DOING HERE?

HEY, MAN! IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK SUNDAY MORNING -- NOTHING'S OPEN AT THIS TIME WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU TAKING ME?
MAYBE EVERYTHING CLOSES UP BY NINE SHARP WITH LIGHTS OUT BY TEN IN THE BOONDOCKS WHERE YOU COME FROM... BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT IS IN HARLEM.
YOU KNOW, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN N HARLEM I MEAN, EVEN AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, THERE'S STILL FOLKS WANDERING ABOUT BUT, TONIGHT IT'S COLDER N A WITCH'S TIT AND MOST FOLKS HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO BE IN BED!

INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH RODE THE **600** OR MAYBE THERE WERE ONLY **TWO** AND MAYBE THEY WERE ONLY WALKING

THE CORRIDOR WAS DUSTY PERHAPS EDISON HIMSELF HAD SCREWED THE BROWNISH LIGHTBULB INTO THE SOCKET

THERE'S NOTHING HERE

I DON'T SEE NO PARTY!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT MAN? WE'RE HERE TO PARTY!

IT'S GOIN' ON WE'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE

AND WHY ARE YOU WHISPERIN?

THIS SEEMS LIKE THE KINDVE PLACE WHERE

CMON

YOU SHOULD WHISPER

I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB THE GHOSTS

UNDAUNTED THE GOD RODE ON

OR PERHAPS THEY STUMBLED.

HEY MAN! WHAT'S THE LITTLE BLOND-HEADED DUDE DOIN' HERE?

YO, BRO, HE'S COOL'

BE COOL, NOW I TOL' THE MAN YOU WERE COOL

COULD'A FOOLED ME

BE COOL IN THERE, NOW

THE MUSIC TORE AT THE EARS AND INVADED THE BRAIN, WHILE THE STROBE LIGHTS TURNED EVERYTHING INTO AN UNDERCRANKED, OLD-TIME MOVIE

I'LL BE DARNED. DION'T HEAR A THING WHEN WE WERE IN THOSE CORRIDORS

WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO SEE THAT WOMAN UP THE BAR?

HOW COULD I MISS HER? I MEAN I MAY BE SLOW BUT I'M NOT THAT SLOW!

IF SHE WALTZES OVER HERE AND ASKS YOU TO LIGHT HER CIGARETTE..

YEAH?

DON'T DO T

SHE CAME DOWN THE LENGTH OF BAR, PROVOCATIVELY, AS IF A CHARACTER IN A PAPERBACK NOVEL.

BE COOL NOW DON'T LOOK!

WHY NOT? SEEMS LIKE THE GENTLEMANLY THING TO DO. LADY COMES UP, ASKS YOU TO...

SHE'S NOT A LADY!

THAT'S A MAN

WHAAT?

NOW WAITTAMINN!T! I KNOW A WOMAN WHEN I SEE ONE 'SPECIALLY WHEN HER NECKLINE S SLIT DOWN TO HER NAVEL

HSSSS

HER VOICE WAS DEER LIKE EDWARD G. ROBINSON'S.

WOULD YOU LIGHT MY..

Uhh. SORRY, Mr I MEAN, MA AM MISS uh. DON'T SMOKE NEVER SMOKED. I THINK HE SMOKES.

ALL YOU L'TLE BLOND HEADED GUYS ARE ALIKE COULDN' BE COOL IN A SNOW-DRIFT!

THERE WAS PAIN IN THE EDWARD G ROBIN-SON VOICE. THE PAIN OF RE-JECTION AND SELF CONDEM-NATION

AND FOR SOME REASON HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND, HE SAID

I'M SORRY

ECLIPSE

DON McGREGOR MARSHALL ROGERS

Detectives Inc.

© 1980 Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers

Mystery Magazine says: "**Detectives, Inc.** is a hard-hitting story told in brutally realistic terms...

"Detectives, Inc. is a dramatic book: It is tense and powerful and draws one into its action...It is easy to be attracted to a Captain America or a Superman, because he is a dream, an ideal. It is less easy to become attracted to a human being, and this is one of the things that Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers do here: they assert (and) show) that two detectives, the divorced wife, two lovers separated by death from their common object of passion and others, can be just as exciting, as powerful, as dramatic an ensemble as the Avengers or the Justice League of America."

Peter Gillis
COMICS FEATURE

"This book has it all. nudity, homosexuality, bisexuality, abortion, poverty, race wars...and murder. Yet it lacks one thing that typical overground comics reveal in—and that's sensationalism."

WHIZZARD

"Like a raw cutting wind of the golden age of the private eye, *Detectives, Inc.* is gritty, very human, good reading and an eyeful."

Chris Steinbrunner author of
The Films of Sherlock Holmes

"A solid private eye yarn with sparkling dialogue and two private dicks who care If Culp and Cosby had been eyes instead of spies, this is what they would have been like '

Bob Randisi, author of
The Disappearance of Penny

"The writing and illustrations owe far more to the techniques of the motion picture than to comic books, with cross cutting and other film innovations used most effectively to tell the story of a murder with roots in a lesbian love affair."

Ellery Queen
Mystery Magazine

"*Detectives Inc* is a tour de force for writer/creator Don McGregor and illustrator Marshall Rogers.

It is one of the new breed of mature underground productions that places people and relationships ahead of superheroism and bizarre, horrific plots

McGregor s Culp and Cosby type detective team of Ted Denning and Bob Rainier live in a Philip Marlowe existence on the seamy side of 1980 New York. Although the plot is fairly simple, their lives are refreshingly complex and the two stories are well blended with the help of Rogers' excellent black and white illustrations His use of light and shadow in the delineation of people and perfectly rendered New York locations mark this volume as his best work to date

With *Detectives Inc* a new team of talented storytellers is born — one that should be writing new pages in the history of the graphic novel for some time to come "

Howard Zimmerman
Editor/STARLOG Magazine

"Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid..."

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SAX ROHMER'S DOPE

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED by TRINA ROBBINS

LONDON, 1919

YELLOW DUSK IS CLOSING DOWN UPON OLD BOND STREET. QUENTIN GRAY, HURRYING TO KEEP AN AGREEABLE APPOINTMENT, IS ABOUT TO ENTER A CAB, WHEN...

I SAY! IT'S RITA IRVIN WITH SIR LUCIEN PYNE!

HALLO, YOU TWO! WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? I WAS ON MY WAY TO CALL FOR YOU, RITA.

I HAD LEFT A NOTE FOR YOU, QUENTIN.

BUT I HAVE BOOKED A TABLE AND A BOX!

MY DEAR GRAY, WE MUST NOT LOOK FOR CONSISTENCY IN WOMENFOLK.

Mrs IRVIN HAS DECIDED TO CONSULT SOME OCCULT AUTHORITY-- KAZMAH-- BEFORE DINING WITH YOU THIS EVENING.

THEN IF DINNER IS NOT OFF, MAY I COME ALONG AND WAIT FOR YOU?

AT KAZMAH'S? CERTAINLY.

AND IF I DO NOT INTRUDE, I WILL ACCOMPANY YOU AS FAR AS THE CAVE OF THE ORACLE, AND THEN BID YOU GOODNIGHT.

KAZMAH! THE MAN WHO SELLS PERFUMES AND PRETENDS TO READ DREAMS! WHAT AN EXTRA-ORDINARY NOTION!

KAZMAH
SECOND FLOOR

THE SHEIKH EL KAZMAH AWAITS.

WILL YOU SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A CAB? I SHALL NOT BE MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES.

I THINK I SHALL GO FOR THAT CAB. ARE YOU REMAINING?

I AM DINING AT THE CLUB, BUT I CAN WAIT UNTIL YOU RETURN.

THE INNER ROOM WHICH RITA ENTERED WAS HEAVY WITH THE PERFUME OF FRANKINCENSE...

THE SERVANT HAD RETIRED. SHE WAS ALONE. THE MINUTES PASSED BY IN UNBROKEN SILENCE.

THE LIGHT ABOVE HER HEAD WENT OUT.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS DAWNED A VAGUE LIGHT, AND IN IT A SHAPE SEEMED TO TAKE FORM..

TELL ME YOUR DREAM AND I WILL READ ITS PORTENT.

DREAMS! WHAT I HAVE TO SAY DOES NOT BELONG TO DREAMS BUT TO REALITY! YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH WHY I AM HERE. I AM NEARLY DESPERATE-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND? --NEARLY DESPERATE. SPEAK! MOVE! ANSWER ME!

THE REMEDY IS IN YOUR HANDS.

FOR THE LAST TIME, I TELL YOU I WILL NEVER DO IT! NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!

THEN WHY DO YOU COMPLAIN?

IF YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO PAY FOR YOUR AMUSEMENTS, AND YOU REFUSE TO COMPROMISE IN A SIMPLE MANNER, WHY DO YOU APPROACH ME?

OH, MY GOD! HAVE PITY ON ME! WHO ARE YOU, WHAT ARE YOU, THAT YOU CAN BRING RUIN ON A WOMAN BECAUSE...

RAISE YOUR HEAD. LET ME SEE YOUR FACE. AS HEAVEN IS MY WITNESS, I AM RUINED-- *RUINED!*

TO-MORROW...

I CANNOT WAIT FOR TO-MORROW!

I WILL COMMUNICATE WITH YOU. DEPART IN PEACE.

A SILVER GONG SOUNDED, AND THE DIM LIGHT BEGAN TO FADE, SIGNIFYING THE TERMINATION OF THE SÉANCE.

YOU SHALL NOT TRICK ME!

HEAR ME OUT OR I GO STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE--NOW!

--NOW!

COMPLETE DARKNESS CAME.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS ROSE A LONG, WAILING SCREAM... HORROR-LADEN AS THAT OF ONE WHO HAS TOUCHED SOME SLUMBERING REPTILE...

NOOOO!

A' SUIVRE

PRODUCER **DAVID CHOCKMAN** ON **TV** WRITERS: "THE ACID TEST IS THEIR FIRST MEETING WITH **PROGRAM PRACTICES**-- THE NETWORK CENSORS I CAN TELL IN A MINUTE IF THEY'RE GONNA **LEARN** THE ROPES, OR **HANG** FROM 'EM."

PROGRAM PRACTICES EXECUTIVE **BETTY BIBNEY-BOTKIN** ON A SCRIPT BY WRITER **AILEEN WAITE**:

UNACCEPTABLE I COUNTED **THIRTEEN** INCIDENCES OF AGRESSIVE BEHAVIOR IN THE FIRST TWENTY-TWO PAGES-- ALMOST ONE PER **MINUTE.**

BETWEEN EIGHT AND EIGHT-THIRTY, YOU'RE ALLOWED A **TOTAL** OF **TWO**

YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE **EXTENSIVE** REVISIONS, OR I CAN'T PASS THE SCRIPT. I HAVE SOME **NOTES...!**

CHOCKMAN STUDIES AILEEN. "**HANG**," HE CONCLUDES.

ROLE MODEL

ON PAGE THREE, TEMPER PACO'S *ANGER RESPONSE* WHEN HIS LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM FAILS

HE SHOULD EXHIBIT SOME *POSITIVE COPING REACTION* INSTEAD OF POUNDING THE INSTRUMENT PANEL

DELETE PACO'S *MOANS OF PAIN* ON PAGE FOUR, AND THE EXPLOSION OF THE SPACE-CYCLE SAME PAGE

AND CHANGE THE PHRASE "HARD UP" ON PAGE FIVE TO "WITHOUT FUNDS" TO ELIMINATE THE SEXUAL CONNOTATIONS.

ON PAGE SIX, HAVE THE WARDEN *WALK* INTO THE JAIL CELL INSTEAD OF BEING *SHOVED* BY THE CONVICTS. OMIT THE DOOR-SLAM

AND CHANGE THE *BLACK* CONVICT TO A *SPACE ALIEN* TO AVOID THE RACIAL STEREOTYPE

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* --?!?

YOU HAVE JUST *BULLDOZED* EVERY EMOTIONAL PEAK AND *EXCISED* EVERY MOMENT OF SUSPENSE IN THOSE SIX PAGES.

WHAT ARE WE *CREATING* HERE-- A *TV* SHOW OR A *BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION* COURSE?!?

I DON'T MAKE CREATIVE DECISIONS. THAT'S *YOUR* AREA.

I'M TRYING TO HELP YOUR SCRIPT CONFORM TO OUR *GUIDELINES.*

JESUS.

CHILDREN ARE WATCHING AT EIGHT P.M. WE DON'T WANT TO *OVERSTIMULATE* THEM OR PRESENT ANY *NEGATIVE ROLE MODELS* TO EMULATE.

DAVID-- YOU SAID THIS WAS THE *BEST* "STAR CHASERS" SCRIPT YOU GOT ALL *SEASON*--!

NO SCRIPT'S ANY GOOD IF I CAN'T PUT IT ON THE *AIR,* AILEEN

YOU CAN'T GET *EMOTIONAL* ABOUT IT.

HAS AILEEN FINISHED HER *TANTRUM*? I'VE GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT THIS AFTERNOON

SIT DOWN AILEEN LET'S WRAP THIS UP

THAT EVENING

TIME 'N' WINE HEAL ALL WOUNDS, AILEEN *RELAX* DON'T TAKE THE BUSINESS *HOME*.

YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND-- BETTY'S *PAID* TO DISGORGE THAT BULLSHIT IT'S A *JOB*.

I THINK SHE *ENJOYS* HER WORK, DAVID.

SHE REALLY *BELIEVES* THAT NO ONE FEELS *PAIN* BETWEEN EIGHT AND EIGHT-THIRTY... AND THAT CHILDREN ARE *MONKEYS* WHO IMITATE ANYTHING THEY SEE

SHE *LIKES* BEING GUARDIAN OF THE NATION'S TENDER PSYCHE-- AND SHE *LOVED* HUMILIATING *ME*!

YOU *ANALYZE* TOO MUCH, AILEEN

LOOK AT HER DAVID! THAT SHAPELESS, SEXLESS, TASTELESS LITTLE CREATURE HAS PROBABLY NEVER KNOWN *POWER* BEFORE IN HER *LIFE*!

NOW SHE'S GOT PRODUCERS *TREMBLING*, WRITERS *APOPLECTIC*--!

YOU MAKE HER SOUND LIKE "*CARRIE*"!

BETTY'S EXACTLY WHAT SHE SEEMS-- THE NETWORK'S HIRED *SHRINK*, KEEPING THE *PRESSURE GROUPS* OFF HER BOSSES' COLLECTIVE ASS.

YOU'VE BEEN PRODUCING ONE-DIMENSIONAL *DRECK* FOR TOO LONG, DAVID. *NOTHING'S* WHAT IT SEEMS

--LEAST OF *ALL* THAT INSIPID LITTLE *MS. ROLE MODEL*!

THERE'S SOME MONUMENTAL *PERVERSITY* UNDER THAT SUGAR-COATING-- AND I'M GOING TO *FIND* IT.

YOU DO THAT- *AFTER* I GET YOUR *REWRITE*.

DON'T WORRY I CAN HANDLE MORE THAN ONE PROJECT AT A TIME!

NEXT MORNING, AT THE NETWORK..

MS. BOTKIN! YOU HAD A CALL--!

YOU'VE BEEN AT THAT DESK A *YEAR*, TAWNY, ISN'T IT TIME YOU LEARNED MY *NAME*?

BOTKIN WAS MY HUSBAND'S *UNMARRIED* NAME. BIBNEY WAS MINE. THE *HYPHENATE* BIBNEY-BOTKIN IS OUR *MARRIED* NAME

VIDEORAMA MAGAZINE? WHAT DID *THEY* WANT?

THEY'RE DOING AN ARTICLE ON "POSITIVE PEOPLE IN TELEVISION"

I DON'T GIVE INTERVIEWS.

CHEEZ, I KNOW THAT! I SENT 'EM YOUR APPROVED *BIO* AND A THANK-YOU NOTE.

I'M NOT A *COMPLETE* AIRHEAD, MS. BOTKIN--!

MS. *WHO*?

BIBBEN-- BOT-- BOT--BOOBY-- OOOOOH, *SHOCK!*

RRRRRING

BETTY BOBBITY-BOO'S OFFICE...!

YEAH, SHE'S IN, BUT SHE WON'T TALK TO YOU. I SENT--HUH?

ME? YOU WANNA INTERVIEW *ME*?!

WE WANT OUR ARTICLE TO SHOW BETTY AS A *PERSON*. HER CO-WORKERS' INSIGHTS COULD BE VERY VALUABLE.

GREAT! WE'LL MAKE A DATE AS SOON AS I'VE READ THE *BIO*.

YOU HAVE A NICE DAY *TOO* TAWNY!

A FEW DAY LATER.

AMAZING! YOU EVEN GOT THE *BODY CONTACT* OUTTA THE *WRESTLING* SCENE! THIS'LL *BREEZE* PAST BETTY!

I CHANGED THE *TITLE*--FROM "JAILBIRDS OF SPACE" TO "PLANET OF THE FORMER CHILD ABUSE VICTIMS.

HOPE YOU *APPROVE*

HOW'S THE *DETECTIVE* WORK GOING, SMART-ASS?

NOT BAD. SHE WAS BORN BETTY BIBNEY, 1946 ST LOUIS MASTERS IN PSYCHOLOGY FROM FROM S.I.U., 1970.

MARRIED BERNARD BOTKIN, 1974. MEDIA CONSULTANT TO THE P.T.A. BEFORE SHE JOINED THE NETWORK.

I TOLD YOU, COCHISE NEVER HAD A STRAIGHTER ARROW.

WHY DON'T YOU DROP THIS THING, AILEEN BEFORE YOU LAND US BOTH IN DEEP SHIT?

ALL THAT STUFF'S IN HER NETWORK BIO. ANYBODY COULD'VE--

"ANYBODY" DIDN'T YOU DID

LISTEN: I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE DAVID CHOCKMAN, NORMAN LEAR, GRANT TINKER, OR JESUS W. GENIUS -- YOU GOTTA KNOW WHEN TO BACK OFF.

IN TV, YOU SURVIVE BY BEING JUST CHICKENSHIT ENOUGH TO KEEP YOUR SHOW ON THE AIR WITHOUT LOSING YOUR SELF-RESPECT

NOBODY'LL EVER BE THAT HONEST WITH YOU AGAIN, K'DOO. ME INCLUDED.

AILEEN MEETS THAT EVENING WITH TAWNY THE RECEPTIONIST.

I SHARE A ONE-BEDROOM WITH TWO STEWS AND A DOG-GROOMER. IT'S EASIER TO TALK OUT HERE...!

ANY PARTICULAR REASON...?

IF YOU STILL WANNA-- I DECIDED I'M QUITTING MY TV JOB, Y'KNOW -- TO WORK AT A HEALTH CLUB.

YEAH. I'M TIRED OF BEIN' PISSED ON BY BETTY BOOB-LEGG-BUGFUCK -- HOW'S THAT FOR A REASON?

I MEAN -- I KNOW YOU THINK SHE'S A POSITIVE PERSON AN' ALL -- BUT I HATE THAT STUPID BITCH!

SHE NEVER STOPS YELLING -- SHE NEVER ASKS FOR ANYTHING, SHE JUST GIVES ORDERS -- I MEAN, I DON'T THINK SHE LIKES PEOPLE!

I DON'T THINK SHE LIKES ANYTHING ALIVE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TAWNY?

WELL, LIKE -- I ONCE HADDA BRING FARRAH, MY CAT, TO THE OFFICE -- 'CAUSE THE VET WAS CLOSING EARLY, AN'...

ANYWAY, WHEN BETTY SAW FARRAH SITTING ON MY DESK -- LIKE, SHE STARTED SCREAMIN' LIKE SHE WAS BEIN' RAPED OR SOMETHING!

SHE WASN'T JUST ANGRY ABOUT A *PET* IN THE OFFICE...?

NO, MAN! SHE WAS *TERRIFIED!* SHE TRIED TO *BASH* FARRAH WITH HER GODDAM *BRIEFCASE!*

COULD SHE JUST BE *ALLERGIC* TO CATS?

NO! SHE ATTACKED A *POTTED YUCCA* ON MY DESK THE SAME DAMNED WAY!

BUT THE *WORST* THING -- SOME MORNINGS, WHEN SHE CAME IN TO WORK, SHE WOULD *STINK!*

WHAT-- YOU MEAN SHE HAD *BODY ODOR?*

UH-UH I BEEN AROUND A LOTTA BODIES, LADY-- AND *NONE* OF 'EM EVER SMELLED LIKE *THAT!*

NONE OF THE *LIVE* ONES ANYWAY--!

TAWNY.. DO YOU HAVE BETTY'S HOME ADDRESS?

SHERMAN OAKS, THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

HUBBY DRIVES HER TO WORK... AND TAWNY SAID HE PICKS HER UP UP EVERY EVENING.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I FIND THAT *AMUSING*. BUT I *DO*.

"THE BIBNEY-BOTKINS"-- MODEL OF THE NEW EGALITARIANISM IN AMERICAN MARRIAGE

ONLY A TIN EAR LIKE BETTY'S COULD *CONCEIVE* OF HYPHENATING THOSE TWO NAMES. AND IT *HAD* TO BE *HER* IDEA. NOT HIS!

THE BIBNEY-BOTKINS

I HOPE

LAWN PARCHED. PLANTERS EMPTY. ROSES MORIBUND. TREE FELLED. FITS NICELY WITH TAWNY'S *THEORY*...

MISTRUST OF ANYTHING *LIVING*...

BUT *NOT* SO NICELY WITH WHAT I KNOW ABOUT HUMAN NATURE.

IT'S A COMIC BOOK PLOT FANATIC [illegible] TURNS OUT TO BE A NECROPHILIAC

I CAN'T [illegible] I'M BETTING TO EVEN MORE PECULIAR THAN--

OH DEAR

NOW I HAVE A [illegible] AM I

AND NOW FAR AM I PREPARED TO GO TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY?

ALSO WAS I BORN A LUNATIC OR DID SOCIETY DRIVE ME ?

BETTY COULD PROBABLY ANSWER THAT ONE FOR--

MY GOD!! WHAT IS THAT STENCH?!

BUT THE FRAGRANCE [illegible]

HOLDING HER BREATH AND ENTERS THE LIVING [illegible] TO BE STAGGERED.

SHE GAPES AT THE OCEAN OF ROTTING GARBAGE-- AND SHE ALMOST GIGGLES:--

--UNTIL SHE NOTICES THE [illegible] WATER SPLATTERED ON THE WALLS AND REALIZES THAT IT NOT THE [illegible] BUT THE [illegible] OF THE BLACK DOOR

WHAT *IS* THIS STUFF ? EVEN CKED IT HAS A *SLIMY* TEXTURE -- LIKE ONE OF THOSE RUBBER *SNAKES* !

AS RAPT AS SHE IS *APPALLED*

ALIEN VENTILATION DEVICE NOT ONE KNOWN

ALL THE WAY TO THE *CORE*.

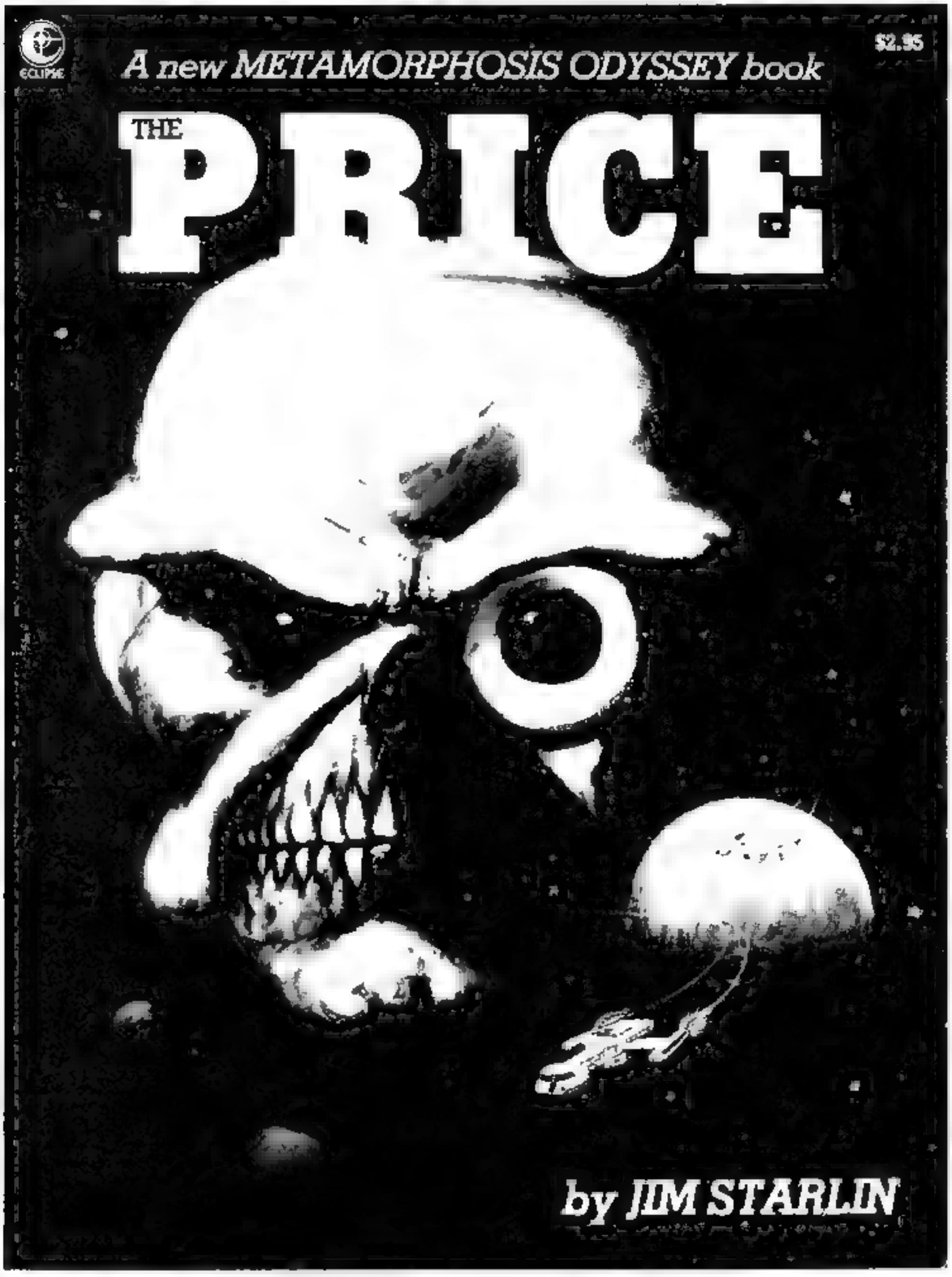
OKAY, DAVID, I'M GOING THIS IS WHERE I *BACK OFF*!

I AM BENJAMIN H[illegible] PUTNAM

[illegible]

ECLIPSE

PROUDLY PRESENTS...



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QUICK TRIM

by HOWARD CRUSE

COME ON IN!

JUST A **QUICK TRIM** TODAY— OK, BARNEY?

YOU **GOT** IT, PETE! MAKE YOURSELF **COMFORTABLE!**

YOU READ THE **NEWS** TODAY?

SURE **DID!** IT'S PRETTY **DEPRESSING!**

THEY'RE **TAKIN' OVER** THE **COUNTRY!**

THE WORLD YOU AND I GREW UP IN IS A **THING** OF THE **PAST!**

CLIP CLIP CLIP CLIP

IT SURE **LOOKS** THAT WAY!

FREEDOM'S DONE FOR! IT'S **DEAD** AND **STUFFED** ALREADY! **THINK** ABOUT IT! DO **YOU** THINK YOU'RE LIVIN' IN A **FREE COUNTRY?**

WELL, WHEN YOU COME RIGHT **DOWN** TO IT— **HM?!**

YOU'RE A DAMN **FOOL** IF YOU **THINK** SO! THEY'VE GOT US DANCIN' TO THEIR TUNE FROM THE WORD **'GO'!**

WE MIGHT AS WELL BE IN **RUSSIA!** OR **CUBA!**

SIGH!

THE **POLITICIANS** DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT US **LITTLE PEOPLE!** IT'S **BIG BUSINESS** THEY'RE IN BED WITH, AND THE **UNION HONCHOS** ARE RIGHT THERE UNDER THE COVERS **WITH** 'EM!

THEY SAY THE GOVERNMENT'S SO **'CONSERVATIVE'** NOW, BUT THERE'S NOT A **ONE** OF 'EM I'D **TRUST** ENOUGH TO **SPIT** ON! THIS NEW PREZ **TALKS** A GOOD GAME, BUT PULL DOWN HIS **DRAWERS** AND HE'S GOT THE SAME OLD **LIBERAL STRIPES** AS THE **REST** OF THOSE **SKUNKS** THAT'VE BEEN **STINKIN' UP** THE **COUNTRYSIDE!**

IS THAT A **FACT?**

LISSEN, HIS **OWN KIDS** IS **WIMPS** AND **FLAKES** AND **COMMIE SYMPATHIZERS** AND PROBABLY **DRUGGIES** TO BOOT! I HEAR THEY'VE GOT FRIENDS THAT THROW **WILD ORGIES** AND WATCH **SACRILEGIOUS CABLE TV SHOWS!**

SNAP! SNAP!

GOSH I DON'T REMEMBER READING ABOUT **THAT..**

©1981 by H. Cruse

OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T READ ABOUT IT! EVEN THE **NATIONAL ENQUIRER** WATCHES ITS STEP WHERE THE **BIGWIGS** ARE CONCERNED! AN **INFORMED CITIZEN** HAS GOTTA READ **BETWEEN** THE **LINES!**

OOPS! DID I **NICK** YOU THERE?

N-NO PROBLEM! HEH HEH.

HELL, YOU TALK ABOUT **GUN-CONTROL.** BUT WHADDAYA GONNA **DO** WITH THESE **SOCIAL DO-GOODERS** AND **ABORTIONISTS** UNDERMININ' THE FABRIC OF **DECENCY** AND **FREE-ENTERPRISE?** WHOSE **FINGER'S** GONNA BE ON THE **TRIGGER** WHEN THE **ATHEIST ONE-WORLDERS'** MAKE THEIR MOVE? I DON'T SEE **MOTHER RUSSIA** REGISTERIN' HER **TANKS** WITH ANY **UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUREAUCRATS!!**

IT'S A SIN TO **KILL** AND ALL, BUT I DON'T RECALL WHERE THE **BIBLE** SAYS WE GOTTA PUT UP WITH **COMMIES** AND **JEWS** AND **NIGGERS** AND **FAGGOTS** AND **DOPE-PUSHERS** AND **BRA-BURNERS** TAKIN' OVER OUR **COUNTRY** AND **SPITTIN'** ON OUR **SACRED FLAG**— DO **YOU?**

WELL, I TRY TO BE **TOLERANT** OF FOLKS WITH **DIFFERENT IDEAS...**

HEY, **I'M** TOLERANT ..'TIL THEY **PUSH** ME **TOO FAR!** BUT I'VE GOT MY **BREAKING POINT!**

THOSE **MISFITS** BETTER REMEMBER **WHOSE** COUNTRY THEY'RE **LIVIN'** IN!

HOLD STILL—I **MISSED** A LITTLE SPOT DOWN HERE

USED TO BE PEOPLE COULD JUST **LOVE** EACH OTHER AND GO ABOUT THEIR **BUSINESS!** IT WAS THE **LAND OF THE FREE** AND THE **HOME OF THE BRAVE!** BUT NOW THE **SLICK TALKERS** AND **WELFARE CHEATS** HAVE GOT US **ALL** BY THE BALLS! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A GROWN MAN **CRY!**

SNIP!

THERE, HOW'S **THAT?** **NEAT** ENOUGH FOR YOU?

MMP! NHPM GUMK!

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED THAT **GOD** CAME DOWN FROM **HEAVEN** AND SAW WHAT WAS GOIN' ON AND HE **PUKED!** HE JUST **PUKED!** WHEN GOD STARTS **PUKIN',** IT'S **ALL OVER!**

THAT'LL BE **TEN BUCKS!**

MNK GNYNX UK!

WHAT US **LITTLE PEOPLE** HAVE GOTTA DO IS TO KEEP THE **SPIRIT ALIVE!** WE GOTTA REMEMBER WHAT IT **IS** TO BE A **REAL AMERICAN! OTHER** PEOPLE DIED FOR IT ..MAYBE **WE** GOTTA DIE FOR SOME OF IT, **TOO!**

I WANT THE SAME KIND OF TRIM YOU GAVE TO **THAT** GUY!

EVERYBODY DOES THESE DAYS! COME ON **IN!**

the end

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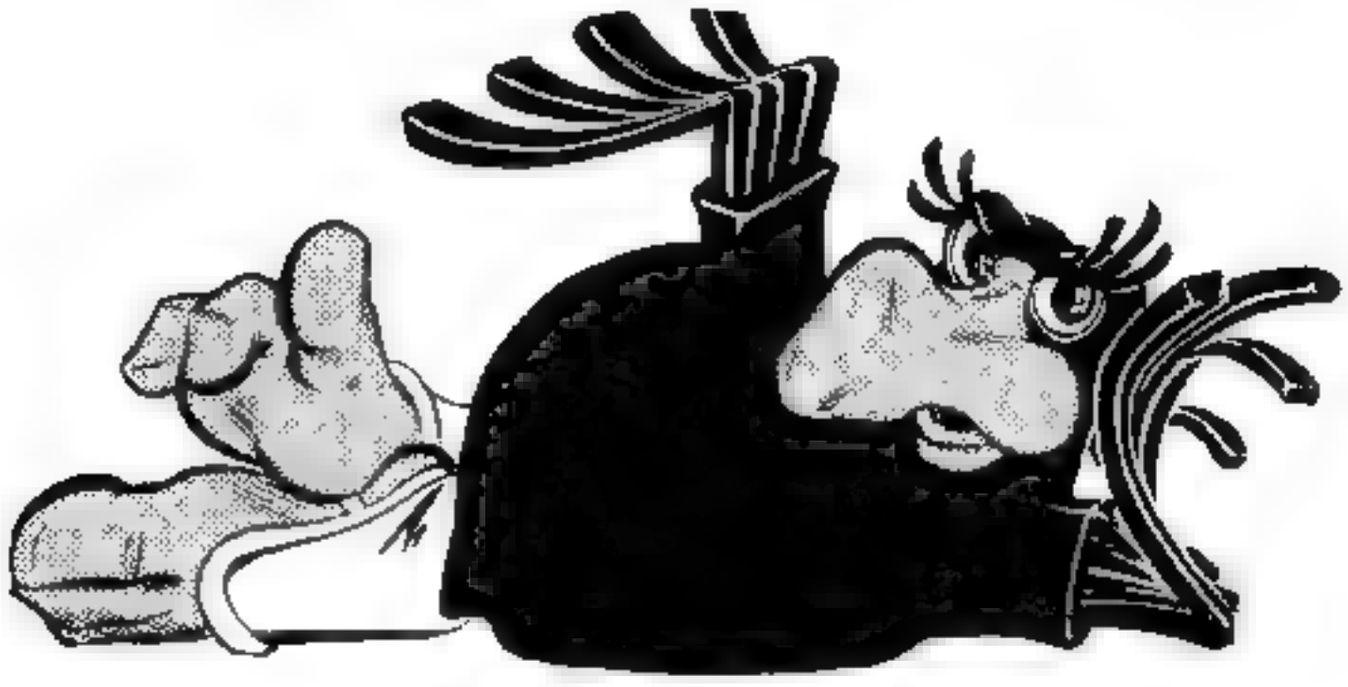

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Gene Colan Charles Vess

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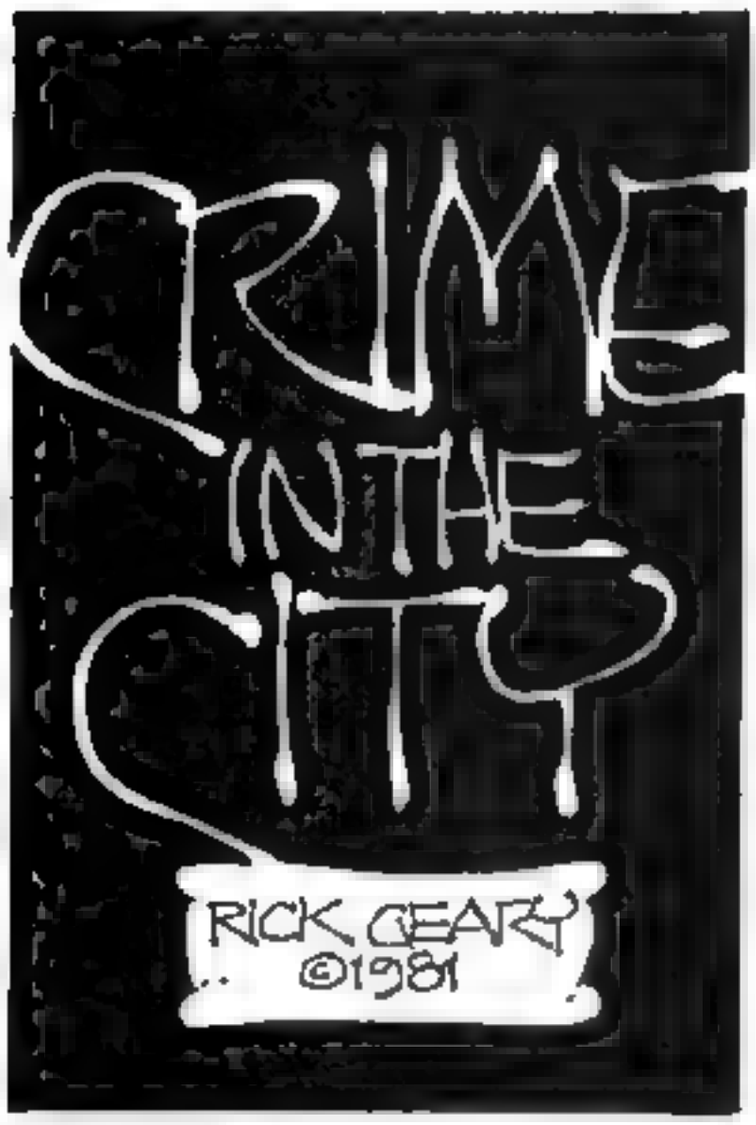
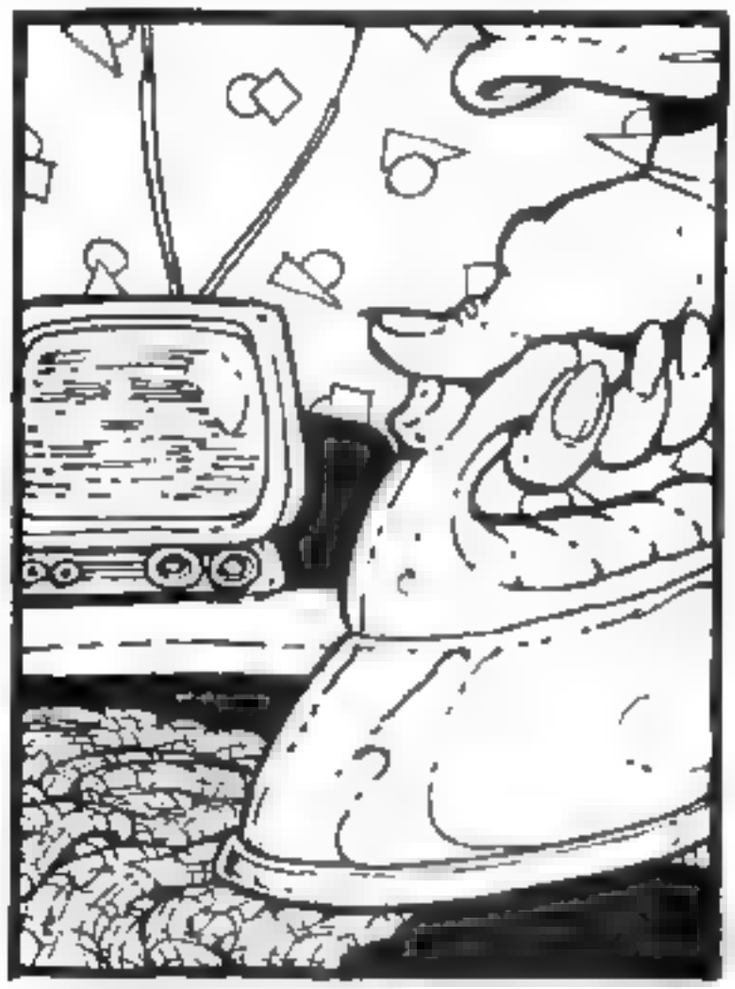


IN THE EARLY SIXTIES I LIVED BRIEFLY IN BALTIMORE: HERE IS OUR HOUSE (REAR VIEW).

ONE DAY, MY NEIGHBOR DROPPED BY AND ASKED TO BORROW SOME SALT.

AT FIRST I REFUSED, 'CAUSE WE ALL KNOW IT'S BAD LUCK TO LEND SALT.

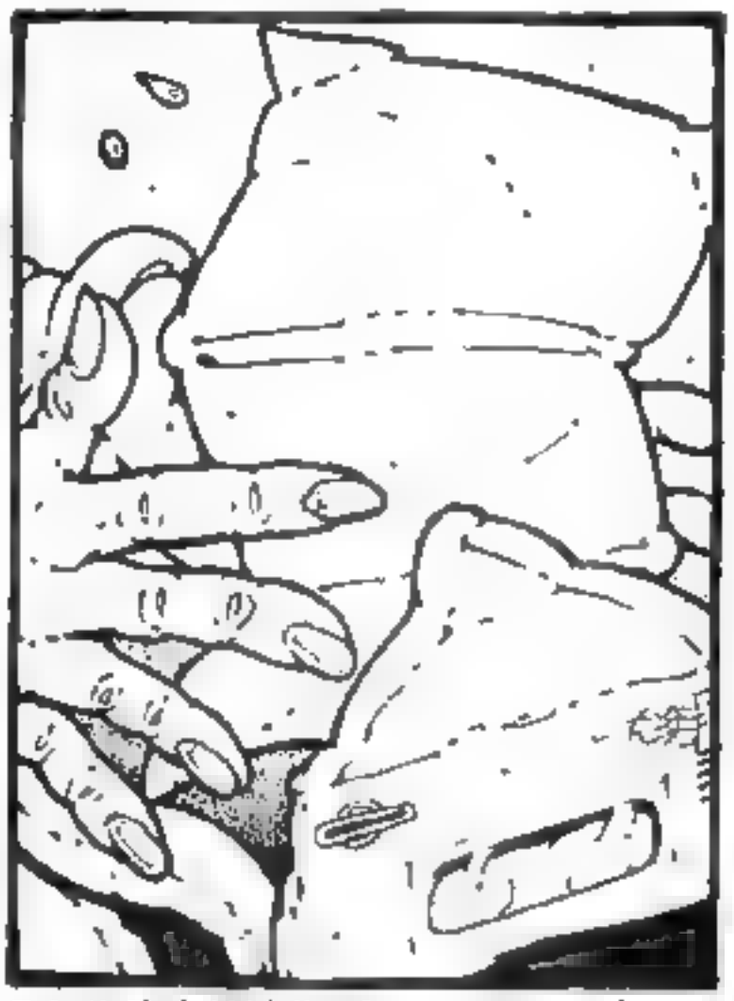
SO WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND DEVISED A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM:



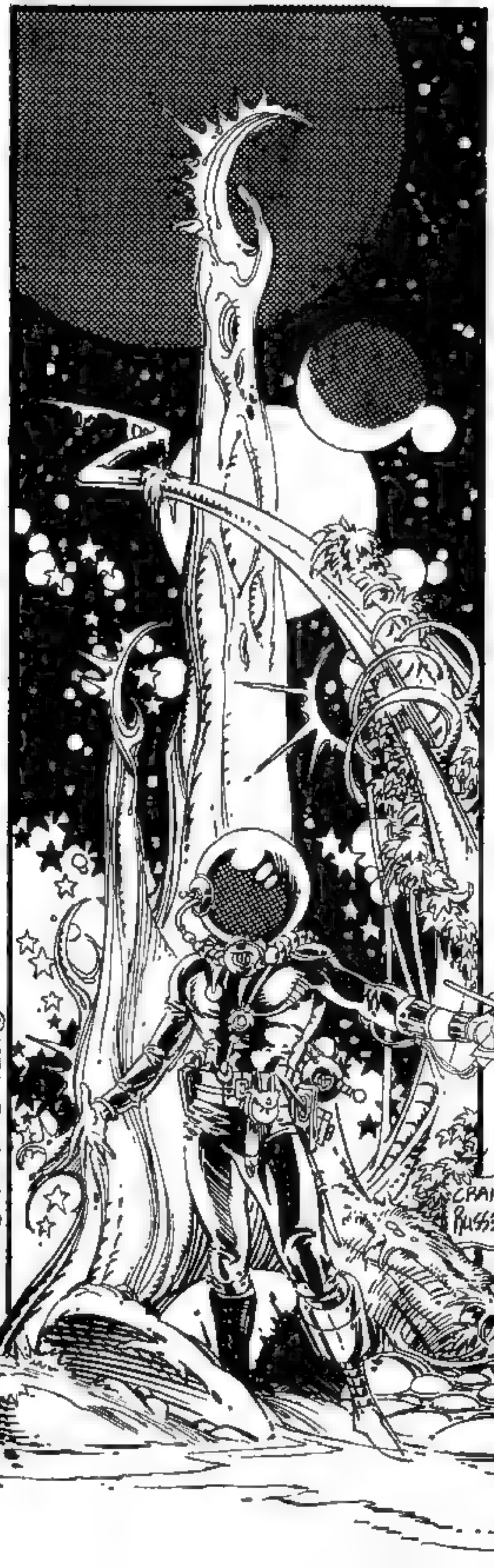
I RETURNED TO MY IRONING...

WHILE SHE SNATCHED THE SALT FROM THE CABINET AND SLIPPED OUT THE DOOR.

HOWEVER, SHE STUMBLED ON THE BACK STEPS AND BROKE HER COLLAR BONE.



I WAS LUCKIER — THE NEXT DAY I WON THE MARYLAND LOTTERY!



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Mr. TREE

"I, FOR AN EYE"

by Max Collins & Terry Beatty

Chapter Two

One Grave for my Tears

A FEW DAYS AGO, I HELD A SIMILAR BOUQUET - A BRIDAL ONE. I MISS YOU, MIKE.

HAS IT ONLY BEEN A WEEK SINCE YOU WERE MURDERED? HAS IT ONLY BEEN A WEEK SINCE THE DAY OUR LIFE TOGETHER WAS TO HAVE STARTED?

THE SUBURBAN COPS, AT THE SCENE, WERE COMPETENT ENOUGH...

WE CAN GET YOUR STATEMENT TOMORROW, MA'AM —

NO... JUST LET ME GET DRESSED...

POLICE

YOUR FRIEND CHICK STEELE CAME FROM THE CITY — BEST MAN AT OUR WEDDING, HOURS — LIFETIMES — BEFORE. I CALLED HIM, AND HE CAME.

MICHAEL!

I HADN'T TOLD HIM ON THE PHONE — I JUST TOLD HIM IT WAS AN EMERGENCY...

MIKE'S DEAD — SOMEONE KILLED HIM, CHICK —

JESUS!

HE TOOK IT HARD. HE WAS YOUR PARTNER ON THE FORCE FOR THREE YEARS; THEY SAY THAT'S LIKE A MARRIAGE ITSELF.

I'LL FIND WHO DID IT, MICHAEL — I PROMISE YOU — AND MIKE —

NO, CHICK — NO.

2

T'S MY JOB TO DO IT, MICHAEL - THESE SUBURBAN COPS ARE GOING TO NEED MY HELP -

NO DOUBT - BUT DO IT AS A COP - NOT OUT OF REVENGE.

CHICK DIDN'T UNDERSTAND - I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO.

YOU'RE QUITE A WOMAN, MICHAEL.

I ALREADY HAD THE REVENGE MARKET CORNERED.

THERE WAS NO FUNERAL - I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T WANT ONE - JUST A QUIET GRAVE-SIDE SERVICE - TWO SHORT DAYS AFTER YOUR DEATH...

STILL, THERE WAS SOMETHING OF A CROWD - YOU'D TOUCHED TOO MANY LIVES FOR IT TO BE OTHERWISE -

THE OFFICE STAFF APPROACHED ME, EN MASSE...

YOU TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED -

NONSENSE. BUSINESS AS USUAL, TOMORROW, NINE O'CLOCK.

AND AT WORK THE NEXT DAY, THE PRESENCE OF YOU IN THE SURROUNDINGS WAS A COMFORT.

GOOD MORNING, EFFIE –

GOOD MORNING, MRS. TREE.

THAT'S MS. TREE, EFFIE – AND WE'LL BEGIN THE DAY BY MOVING MY THINGS INTO MIKE'S OFFICE.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY PERSONAL SECRETARY, FROM NOW ON, EFFIE – YOU'LL TAKE MY OLD OFFICE. PLACE AN AD FOR A NEW RECEPTIONIST.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, ROGER?

WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, MS. TREE –

YOUR... HUSBAND APPROACHED US, A WEEK BEFORE YOU GOT HITCHED. HE SAID WITH YOU LEAVING THE BUSINESS TO HAVE BABIES, WE'D BE IN LINE FOR FULL PARTNERSHIP.

BUT IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE MOVING BACK IN, FULL TIME. I DON'T THINK I LIKE THAT.

REALLY?

I THINK YOU'RE OVERWROUGHT.

I THINK YOU'RE FIRED.

YOU CAN'T FIRE ME... I..

QUIT. YEAH. RIGHT. GOODBYE.

YOU COMIN', DAN? OR ARE YOU GONNA STICK AROUND AND SUCK UP TO THIS LOUSY BITCH?

I'LL STAY. I'D RATHER SUCK UP TO A LOUSY BITCH THAN HANG OUT WITH A TACTLESS ASSHOLE, ANYDAY.

SLAM

I THINK I HURT HIS FEELINGS.

THANK YOJ FOR YOUR LOYALTY, DAN ~

I DON'T MIND WORKING FOR A WOMAN. BESIDES, YOU BEING BOSS IS PRACTICAL.

OH?

YEAH. WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO CHANGE THE NAME ON THE DOOR.

Michael Free president

PLACE ANOTHER AD, EFFIE – I'M IN THE MARKET FOR A FIRST-RATE INVESTIGATOR –

THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU – HE WON'T SAY HIS NAME.

THIS IS MS. TREE.

IT'S URGENT WE GET TOGETHER – I HAVE INFORMATION THAT MAY REGARD YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDER –

THAT "MAY" REGARD YOUR MURDER, THE MALE VOICE HAD SAID. IT WASN'T ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY A MEET – BUT I SET ONE UP ANYWAY...

I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE ZOO SINCE I WAS A KID – I'M NOT CRAZY ABOUT THE SMELL...

MICHAEL TREE. I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE –

WELL I DON'T KNOW YOU...

MY NAME IS EDWARDS. YOUR HUSBAND WAS WORKING FOR ME AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU. I WAS MY HUSBAND'S BUSINESS PARTNER — I WAS AWARE OF EVERY CASE HE TOOK ON...

NOT EVERY CASE –

6

I'M AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY. I EMPLOYED YOUR HUSBAND OUT OF MY OWN POCKET, TO UNDERTAKE A CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATION OF...

BANG

MR EDWARDS!

BANG BANG

CHICK ARRIVED AND CONFIRMED SOME OF EDWARDS' STORY -

HE WAS AN ASSISTANT D.A., ALL RIGHT. WHY HE'D HIRE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE IS ANYBODY'S GUESS.

I'D NEVER KILLED ANYBODY BEFORE -

WHO WAS HE ?

I DON'T KNOW HIM. MY GUESS IS HE'S OUT-OF-TOWN TALENT. POSSIBLY MIKE'S MURDERER.

KNOWING THAT DIDN'T FEEL AS GOOD AS IT SHOULD -

IF HE'S JUST SOME HIRED KILLER, THEN IT ISN'T ENOUGH...

IF SOMEONE HIRED YOUR MURDER, MIKE, THEN MY WORK IS JUST BEGINNING..

OH, EXCUSE ME .

MICHAEL TRE

BELOVED HUSBAN

1947 — 198

TO BE CONTINUED ——

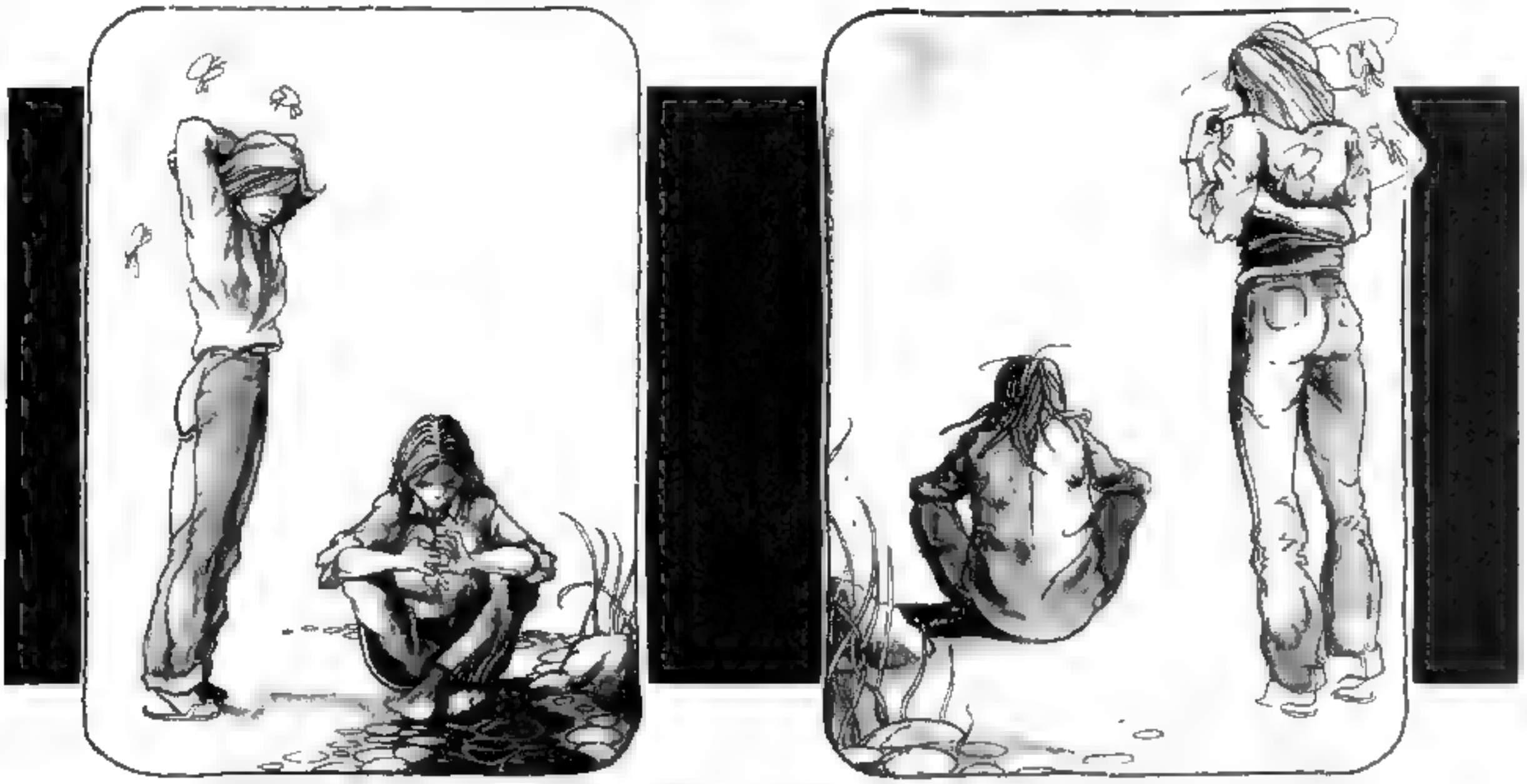
NEXT ISSUE...

A DYNAMIC COVER PAINTING BY JOHN POUND !

STEVE ENGLEHART & MARSHALL ROGERS' COYOTE
uncovers more secrets behind the mysterious organization that threatens him

MAX ALLAN COLLINS & TERRY BEATTY's MS. TREE delves even deeper into her husband's murder, and searches for the enigmatic ***"mystery woman"***

TRINA ROBBINS' DOPE continues as socialite Rita Irwin falls under the spell of the psychic Kazmah in ***"The Fatal Cigarette"***



GEORGE PRATT & KENT WILLIAMS present a fresh new answer to the eternal question ***"Why?"*** in their poetic strip ***"Because"***

DON McGREGOR & GENE COLAN show a young boy's fantasy taken from the comic books he reads

CHARLES VESS brings his lyrical style to a headless man's quest in ***"A Bag Full of Dreams"***

...PLUS EVEN MORE IN ECLIPSE #3 ! See coupon on page 18

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SABRE RETURNS!

***Don McGregor** and **Paul Gulacy's** heroic swashbuckler is now back in print in a specially priced third edition with a new cover painting by Gulacy! Now you can read the book that started it all! (Available in July)*

CONTRIBUTORS

BEATTY

Terry's work on **Ms. Tree** in **Eclipse** #1 has brought him critical acclaim. He's currently editing a new underground comic as he prepares new Mike Mist adventures with Max Allan Collins for serialization in **Mystery Magazine.**

COLLINS

In addition to **Ms. Tree**, Max writes the **Dick Tracy** newspaper strip, works on yet another **Nolan** novel for Pinnacle Books, and still further begins new adventures of Mike Mist with Terry Beatty. When asked what he does in his spare time, Max replied: "I write."

CRUSE

A regular contributor to **Eclipse**, Howard is hard at work on the second issue of **Gay Comix** for Krupp and numerous other freelance assignments. He was recently commissioned by **The Village Voice** for a full-page strip on gay rights.

ENGLEHART

Steve's currently touring California promoting his upcoming novel **The Point Man** and has just completed writing a new 60-page comics story entitled **Sundancer** which will feature, from **Eclipse** #1, Klonsbon the Foozle and the Agents of Storbor.

GEARY

Rick Geary's outlook on life and society has often been called "strange" as is testified by his strip this issue. A native of San Diego, Rick has self-published many small books and his work appears regularly in **National Lampoon.**

GERBER

The creator of **Howard the Duck** and **Stewart the Rat**, Steve's **Thundarr the Barbarian** on ABC is one of television's highest rated cartoons. As a story editor for Ruby Spears Productions, Steve draws upon his experience for this issue's story of TV censors.

GOLDEN

Michael Golden's cover for this issue was accomplished with subtle watercolor and pencil, displaying an entirely new facet of his talents. His art on **Micronauts** and his covers for Marvel have caused a sensation in the field.

GRAHAM

Billy Graham, whose art is familiar to those who read comics five and more years ago, now focuses most of his creative talents as a playwright in N.Y. He also writes a film review column for **The Amsterdam News** and works as a magazine illustrator.

LEIALOHA

Steve's Newton the Rabbit Wonder reappears this issue after a few year's absence since the demise of **Quack**. Born, coincidentally enough, in the Chinese Year of the Rabbit, Steve's ink work has been seen in various Marvel comics including **Warlock** and **Star Wars.**

MCGREGOR

Don McGregor's **Sabre** with Paul Gulacy and **Detectives, Inc.** with Marshall Rogers helped establish the graphic comics album in the U.S. His new comics series, **The Mist**, appears in **Eerie** and his latest prose book, **The Variable Syndrome**, has just been released from Fictioneer.

MAYERIK

Val Mayerik was the original artist on Steve Gerber's Howard the Duck and gained a very wide following in the mid-70's with his depictions of gruesome creatures and barbarians. Val's charcoal pencil art this issue finds him collaborating with Gerber for the first time since 1973.

ROBBINS

Trina Robbins has long wanted to adapt Sax Rohmer's 1902 novel, **Dope**, which begins this issue. Trina's stylistic black-and-white artwork lends an air of special reality to Rohmer's pulp adventure, which continues next issue in 4 pages before expanding to 6 in issue #3.

ROGERS

Marshall Rogers continues his successful collaboration with Steve Englehart in **Coyote**, and is also illustrating and co-plotting 6 issues of **Dr. Strange** at Marvel. His first **Batman** portfolio has just been released by Sal Q. Productions, and he's currently working on a second.

STEACY

Ken Steacy's serial **The Sacred and the Profane** with writer Dean Motter ran in **Star*Reach** for many issues and will soon be expanded in **Epic**, where his most recent work--an adaptation of Harlan Ellison's **Life Hutch**--appeared. Ken and Dean also co-edited the critically-acclaimed **Andromeda.**

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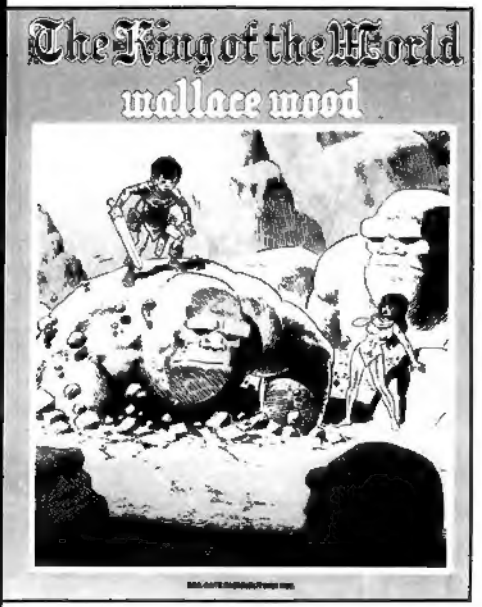

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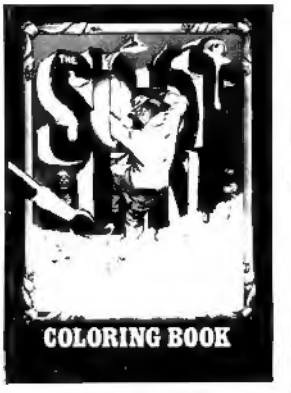

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